

The New York Times

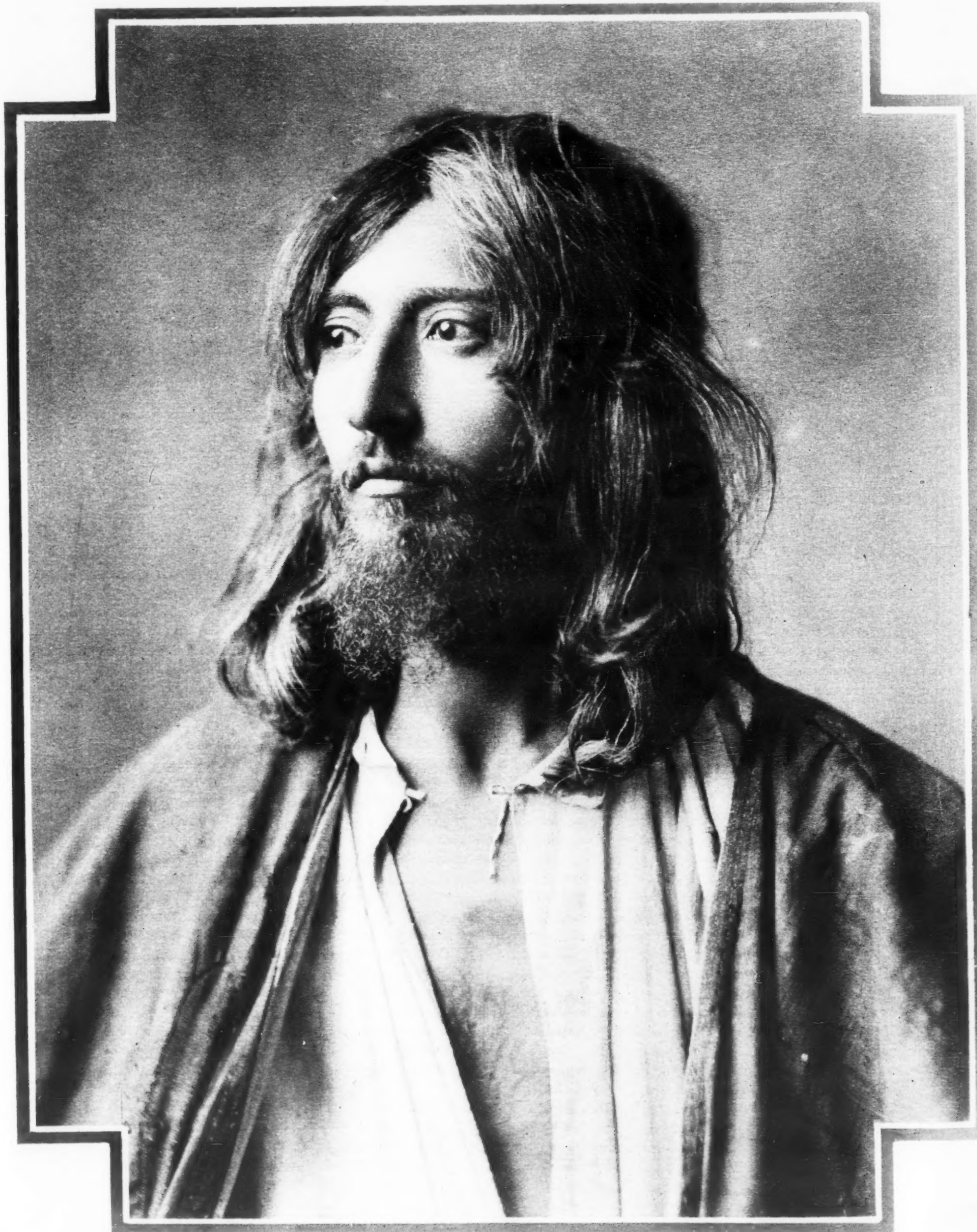
MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

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A HOLY MAN OF THE EAST.

As the Situation Develops in the Near East the Holy Land and Its Future Takes on a New Significance. See Inside Pages 11-15. (Photo from C. L. Aab.)

PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR

HOW SHIPS WENT DOWN

"It was a fine sight," writes an officer of the *Inflexible* to his sisters, in telling of the action off the Falkland Islands in which Count von Spee met his fate. The first shot, he says, was fired at the *Leipzig* and fell short, but the second shot hit her and set her on fire. "We then left her to the light cruisers. We shifted to the *Scharnhorst*, which was the flagship. This was the ship for us, and from the time the first shot was fired at her to the time she went down was twenty minutes. It was a fine sight. She seemed to break in two, and suddenly went down. It was too awful; we could see the Germans struggling in the water, but we could not stop for them, as there was another ship to finish. This one the *Invincible* was fighting. It was the *Gneisenau*. When she saw us coming she tried to slide away, but we were too quick for her and soon cut her off. We started firing at her and kept on the go until a quarter to six, when she turned right over, with only one funnel and one mast left, and down she went.

"Then we went to pick up the survivors. I was one of the lifeboat's crew, and the sights I saw were awful. Never again do I wish to see such dreadful sights. Bodies were floating about, some with no arms, some no legs, and others without heads. Some seemed to have their throats cut, and their clothes were all covered with blood. We picked up fifty-seven in all, and nearly all were half drowned.

"On our ship we only had one man killed; several were injured, but not seriously. A piece of shell hit me in the leg, but it was nothing much."

A CASUAL STORY OF WAR

SO, you see, war on the sea can be just as cruel and murderous as war on the land, and there may be as many horrors in a sea battle as in the trenches. Let us turn to the story of a Belgian soldier hiding in the woods with a few comrades near Louvain and firing on the Germans. Seven of his comrades have been killed or "terribly injured." Let the Belgian go on:

"All of a sudden my companion on my left was hit in the thigh, a wound which in ordinary times would have been healed by a few days' rest. Unfortunately not being able to move and in no position to defend himself, the German dispatched him with the thrust of a bayonet. While looking after my friend a bullet hit me in the back and another went through my shoulder and penetrated the heart of my neighbor on the right, stretching him dead before he had time to pronounce a word or even for a sigh

to escape him. Hardly recovered from this shock, I had the bad luck to be hit by a shell which grazed my back and shattered my shoulderblade. How I suffered! My eyes became dim, my head swam, and the blood which came from my chest almost suffocated me.

"The position was too dangerous, and prudence suggested a retreat if my strength would allow me to do so, for I was gradually becoming weaker and weaker through loss of blood. I tried to turn back, always crawling, to join some of my friends who were still in the wood, when suddenly a fourth bullet lodged itself in my back. In spite of that I continued to retreat and reached the second line of fire. Here we were surrounded on every side, but the few that still remained defended themselves bravely. A few yards behind us we heard the victorious cries of the Huns mingled with the groans of wounded. We were obliged to retreat and I was forsaken."

"I DID NOT WISH TO DIE"

"FOR four long hours I was left alone, uncared for; the blood was flowing from my wounds and my life was slowly ebbing away. I was still sufficiently conscious to know what was going on around me, and I understood that if I had not the strength to go back it was all up with me. I shall never forget the moments of horror and fear that I went through stretched on that brown earth stained with my blood. Without being a coward, I was loath to die without being able to defend myself. Death on the battlefield had no terror for me, but to be assassinated by those brutes without being able to sell my life dearly, that was too dreadful. I saw them coming up the hill in compact lines; nearer and nearer they came, and with them surely came death.

"I did not wish to die, as my unfortunate country wanted all her children, and this thought gave me the strength to get up, to walk, and even to run. How I did it I have never yet been able to understand. I ran for about half a mile between the Belgian fire on the one side and the German fire on the other. During the wild rush four more times was I hit, and yet they did not succeed in slowing my pace. At the end I fell down, overcome by the great effort I had made. One hour passed before the first aid was given to me, and for that aid everything was wanting!

"My wounds were stanching with newspaper and bandaged with my shirt torn in strips. I was carried to a barn, where I passed the night, and such a night I shall never forget as long as I live, for no words can describe my suffering."

A ROMAN FATHER

FROM Paris comes a story of a Roman father, M. Ambroise Isolet. His son, a gunner, had deserted under the stress of two bereavements—the loss of his brother and of his infant son. But after a day or two he returned, penitent, to his regiment. Of course, he had to be charged with desertion, but there seemed a case for clemency. That was not how the accused's father saw it, for he wrote the following terrible letter to the President of the Republic:

"I wish, Sir, that you would send him to the front on a forlorn hope, that he may be chastised. I do not doubt that my son now repents of his crime. But it is too late. I do not come, M. le President, to ask for grace for him. Let there be no pardon. Let him die, but die at least by a Prussian bullet, and not by the rifles of his comrades sickened by his action. Let me hope that you will accede to the request of a faithful servant of the Republic." This letter was read aloud by the defending counsel to the court, which, less harsh than this Roman father, acquitted the accused.

DRAGS HIS COMRADE IN

OF course history will make no mention of Private George Wilson, a little Scotsman from Edinburgh, belonging to the Second Highland Light Infantry. Still, George Wilson has got the Victoria Cross and something to talk about for the rest of his days. He has some pieces of shrapnel in him, but they simply add picturesqueness to the story. How did Wilson get the Victoria Cross?

As a German Maxim gun was heaping up the dead and wounded around Wilson's trench, Wilson and a companion set out to silence it, but they had only crept a hundred yards when the companion fell. Wilson went on, and, when near, shot eight Germans around the gun with his rifle.

On going close to the gun, a German officer, slightly wounded, jumped up and emptied his revolver at Wilson, without hitting him. Wilson bayoneted him, and then turned the gun on the Germans until he had used all the ammunition belts near.

On returning, Wilson fainted, but quickly recovered, and asked if the gun had been brought in. He then went out, with the shrapnel falling like rain, and brought in the gun, and returned again and dragged in his companion. The latter was again struck by several bullets, and died the next day. Wilson escaped with a few scratches.

When the King was in France he pinned the Victoria Cross on Wilson's breast, and said: "Although you are little, there is a terrible lot about you."



(Photo from Rogers.)

ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT, BART.

The British Admiral, Who Asserted Before the War Began That the Submarine Had Sounded the Death Knell of the Dreadnought.

THERE seems to be an impression abroad that in their submarines the Germans have sprung a surprise on an astounded and unsuspecting world. As a matter of fact, England, though reluctantly, because of the involved menace of such an engine of warfare to her overwhelming naval power, has done as much as, if not more than, Germany to improve the original American under-water boat, and at the present moment is in possession of more of such craft than Germany.

That England was perfectly alive to the malign possibilities of the submarine, however, and that this type of vessel had been brought to a high degree of perfection in her own navy, is shown by the statement made by Admiral Sir Percy Scott in The London Times in June, 1914. Sir Percy is one of the most famous gunnery experts in the world and was long identified with the faction that finally committed the British Navy, and all other navies as a consequence, to the construction of huge vessels of the dreadnought type.

In his letter to The Times Sir Percy said that all that he had done to enhance the value of naval artillery had been nullified by the advent of submarines, that all other types of vessels were destined to become obsolete because they would never be safe either at sea or in harbor

from submarine attack, and, assuming that one submarine cannot fight another, he foresaw the end of all sea warfare. A few air ships, aeroplanes, and submarines would be as useful as big warships, and he charged the British Admiralty with wasting the nation's money by building dreadnoughts that would never be able to fight.

Events have not as yet borne out Admiral Scott's prophecy. The operations of capital ships have so far been restricted much more by mines than by submarines, and the actual damage that under-water craft have been able to inflict upon surface war-vessels has been relatively slight. That they have introduced a new factor in certain phases even of fleet actions, however, is sufficiently attested by Sir David Beatty's statement that he had to cease the pursuit of the crippled German fleet in the battle in which the Bluecher was sunk on account of submarines.

What the submarine will be able to do against merchant ships remains to be seen. Its present limitations are such that means will probably be found to check its depredations.

Sir Percy Scott is a man of great inventive genius. The system of signaling by night used in the British Navy is his, and he rendered a great service to his country during the Boer war by his invention of a gun-carriage that permitted the heavy guns of a large cruiser to be transported to Ladysmith.

The navies of the United States and other countries have profited as well as that of England by numerous ingenious devices of his by which big-gun practice can be carried on without actually firing off the costly and corrosive ammunition with which the guns are served.

His greatest invention, for which he received a baronetcy, is his system of "director firing" that enables one officer at a central station to manipulate and fire, simultaneously if desired, every large gun on a ship. Many of the ships of the British Navy were fitted at great cost with this system, the details of which have been closely guarded. As yet there apparently has been no opportunity of trying out the system in battle.

Sir Percy Scott is a man of ample means, and five years ago, when he divorced his wife in rather sensational circumstances, he allowed her \$40,000 a year. He is 62 years of age and has been in the navy forty-nine years. Although still vigorous, it is not likely that he will be given an opportunity of demonstrating his capacity to make good his assertion that with a flotilla of submarines manned by bold and resolute young men he could blow up any fortified port in the world. The fact that such a man is of the inner circle of the British Admiralty, however, shows that whatever Germany may do with her submarines will be no surprise to the naval authorities of Great Britain.

MARIE ADELAIDE, AN ANGRY, ISOLATED PRINCESS



THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ADELAIDE OF LUXEMBURG.

(Photo from George Grantham Bain.)



THE OLD CASTLE OF BEAUFORT, A LUXEMBURG FORTRESS THAT DATES BACK TO 1236.



THE HIGH TOWN OF LUXEMBURG ABOVE THE SUBURB OF GRUND.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)

WHEN toward the end of the fifteenth century the Government of Florence found it necessary to violate for "reasons of state" the little domain of Forli, it was confronted by the young and beautiful Caterina Sforza, who, although powerless to expel the invaders by force of arms, shut herself up in her palace and treated with contemptuous pride the great personages sent to pacify her. Then came, on his first diplomatic mission, a young man of charming manners, and the most persuasive talker of his time; and ere long the beautiful, disdainful Caterina forgot Forli and was quite won over to the Florentine cause.

History has repeated itself in the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg by Germany and again a young and beautiful Princess has been obliged to submit to a humiliation she had not the power to avoid. There is this difference, however: The Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide still remains unpacified, for Germany has no Machiavelli to send to her. Nevertheless, a general on the personal staff of the Kaiser tried hard to impersonate him. A few days before the birthday of the Kaiser, Jan. 27, he called at the palace in an automobile and bluntly informed the fair Princess that his royal and imperial master expected a call from her on the 27th. The Princess declined the invitation and told the visitor that she preferred to remain in her "palace prison."

Already, on Nov. 12, the lady had gone as far as the language of diplomacy would allow to make such an invitation and visit impossible. On that occasion she had said:

"We are all deeply affected by the appalling spectacle of the murderous war in which our neighbors are lacerating one another. Our neutrality has been violated. We hurriedly lodged a protest informing the guarantee powers. The Chamber has approved the proceedings. Our rights, although violated, remain. Indemnity for the wrong done us is promised. We have already received indemnity for the damage caused by the troops.

"I thank the people for their correct attitude, whereby disagreeable events have been prevented. God protect our dear country."

The Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, who will be twenty-one years of age on June 14, has five sisters, all as charming and pretty and proud as herself. They are Princess Charlotte, just nineteen years of age; Princess Hilda, eighteen; Princess Antoinette, not yet quite sixteen; Princess Elisabeth, fourteen on March 7; and Princess Sophie, thirteen on Feb. 14.

Luxemburg has an area of 999 square miles and a population of 300,000, in which, in curious contrast to the reigning dynasty, the masculine sex predominates by about 50,000. There was a time when the fortress of Luxemburg, perched on the heights above the Lorraine plateau and second only to Gibraltar in strength, periodically defied the ancestors of its present invaders and firmly dictated peace to half of Europe. But in 1867 one of the pledges by which the little nation obtained her neutrality and the perpetual guarantee thereof from the powers most interested in letting her live was that she should dismantle her formidable fortress, which for centuries had blocked the great Moselle highway between the valley of the Rhine and the heart of France.

MARIE ADELAIDE, AN ANGRY, ISOLATED PRINCESS



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG WITH HER FIVE SISTERS.
From Left to Right, Standing, Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, Princess Hilda, Princess Charlotte, Princess
Sophie, and, Seated, Princess Antoinette and Princess Elisabeth.

(Photo from George Grantham Bain.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



BRITISH CAVALRY ENCAMPMENT BEHIND THE LINES IN FLANDERS.

(Photo from Brown Bros.)

THE RUINS OF GERDAUEN IN EAST PRUSSIA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE RUSSIANS.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



RECENT DEPARTURE OF FRESH RECRUITS FROM BERLIN.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



DECORATING THE GERMAN MILITARY HEADQUARTERS ON THE AISNE
TO CELEBRATE THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



ITALIAN RECRUITS FROM THE SPORTING SOCIETIES OF MILAN
MARCHING ON THE COMO ROAD.

(Photo © by International News Service.)



The Daughter of the Regiment Takes Her First Riding Lesson
in an English Camp.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



A French Artillery General Giving
Instructions to One of His
Aides-de-Camp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



French Armored Cars in Action. The One on the Right Is About to Attack a House Occupied by German Sharpshooters, the Other Two Cars Guard Its Retreat.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



Adam Panasievicz of Przsvorsk, Seventeen Years of Age, Who Has Been in the Thickest of the Poland Fights and Is Now Serving as a Red Cross Nurse.

(Photo from Brown Bros.)



The Military Wedding of Capt. Walter Berry of the West Yorkshire Regiment at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

(Photo © by International News Service.)

NEW AUTOMOBILE CHAPEL FOR GERMANY'S NINTH CORPS



THE AUTO CHAPEL PRESENTED TO THE
NINTH GERMAN ARMY CORPS.

(Photo from Photothek.)

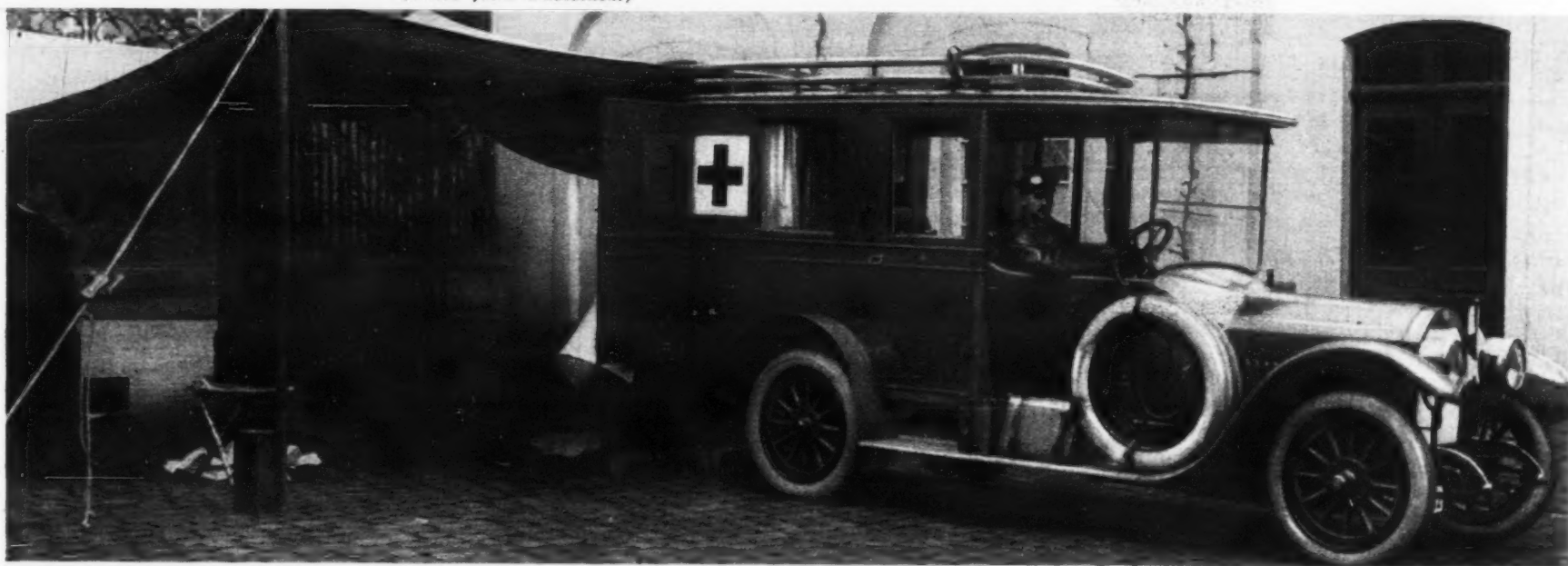
ONE of the first corps of the German Army to avail itself of the long-planned strategic railways on the Belgian frontier was the Ninth Corps of Cologne. This corps, together with the Third, the Seventh, the Tenth, and the Eleventh, was first to invest Liege on the night of Aug. 3-4. Two days later of the 42,000 men composing the Ninth Corps nearly one-half had been killed or wounded, and in the following week the wounded, estimated at 5,000, were carried back to Cologne to die or to survive.

Thus Cologne received its first impressions of the great war. These impressions exercised a profound influence upon the people. It must be remembered that the city, aside from the pride it takes politically in being a member of the Protestant State of Germany, also takes pride in its Roman Catholic past and present. Of this latter its noble cathedral, one of the most perfect Gothic structures in the world, is an ever-present reminder.

It bridges the past with the present, for, begun in 1248, it was only completed thirty-five years ago.

In the days of the old German nation the Archbishop of Cologne ranked as one of the Princes of the empire. Although secularized during the Napoleonic wars, the rank and dignity of its ecclesiastical position were restored in 1824, and since then its Archbishop has had the sentimental and religious, if not the civil loyalty, of the citizens.

It was most natural, therefore, that the present Archbishop, Mgr. von Hartmann, should take an intimate interest in the fate of the Ninth Army Corps and provide for its spiritual welfare, while the State took care of its material. The automobile chapel, built through his efforts by popular subscriptions, is a unique contribution to those elements which soften and sweeten the terrors of war, and is in every way characteristic of Cologne and its glorious ecclesiastical memories.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CHAPEL WITH THE ALTAR OPEN.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)



MGR. VON HARTMANN, Archbishop of Cologne.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



THE ALTAR SHIELDED BY
A CANVAS ROOF.

THE WAR AND THE HOLY LAND

WHATEVER be the outcome of the war, the fate of Palestine will form a most important item among the subjects discussed by the first post-bellum congress of the powers. Geographically and politically it occupies the same position in regard to Egypt as Albania does to Italy and Belgium and the Netherlands do to England. Its possession by Turkey has, for centuries, not only afflicted the spirit of Christians, but has proved a never-ending source of threatening danger to the entire Levant.

It is quite possible that the disinterested claims of the Jews to the site of the most conspicuous achievements of their race may determine in the will of the powers the destiny of the Holy Land. The powers, as well as Christianity, will have to deal with the remarkable fact that a people which lost its country over 2,000 years ago still cherishes the memory of that loss, and even links the hope of recovery with its deepest religious instincts. There is nothing in history comparable with the persistence of the Jewish belief that the Chosen People will one day return to the Promised Land. Before this belief the yearnings of the French for

Alsace and Lorraine and of Italy for Trentino, Trieste, and Dalmatia sink into insignificance.

As a stagnating force in Palestine Moslem domination has already been mentioned. Yet there is another—the persistency of religious societies to identify the sacred sites mentioned in Bible history. The mania began with Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the fourth century, and has been perpetuated to this day. The Holy Sepulchre, unearthed by her excavators just outside Jerusalem, now rivals the later Protestant "discovery" near the Damascus Gate of the same city. There is something in the atmosphere of Palestine which apparently renders the tourist incredulous to the dictum of the New Testament critics and to the scholarly revelations of Korte, that bookseller of Altona in the eighteenth century, who was first to cast doubt on the cherished sites. The process of fabricating new sites has continued and the Turks have found in its encouragement a fruitful source of revenue.

Jaffa, or more properly Joppa, is the gate of Palestine. Here it was that the infant Christ, with his mother and father fleeing from Herod,

took the boat for Alexandria. In spite of many famous paintings it were ridiculous to suppose that they made the journey by land through the swamps of Wadi Guzzhi and across the burning sands of Sinai. Here, too, without searching for the exact sites, St. Peter restored the benevolent widow Tabitha to life and later learned in a vision the universality of Christianity.

It needs a thoroughly commercial people to open this region, which in the near future will connect the revived bountiful lands of Mesopotamia with the shores of the Levant. Until 1892, when a railroad was opened between Jaffa and the neighborhood of Jerusalem, there was no means of communication except by caravan. The Haifa-Damascus line was built in 1905, and the Damascus-Mecca line carried as far as Medina in 1908.

This war is to be won by silver bullets quite as much as by those of lead, and the former, if properly employed, would free Palestine from the thralldom of the Koran quite as much as from the chains of superstition and make it what it was once and what its situation has ever intended it to be—a thriving commercial community.



Turkish Soldiers Guarding Christian Worshippers During the Various Easter Celebrations of the Greek Orthodox, the Catholic, the Copt and Armenian Sects, at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Each Sect Holds Its Service at a Certain Prearranged Time.

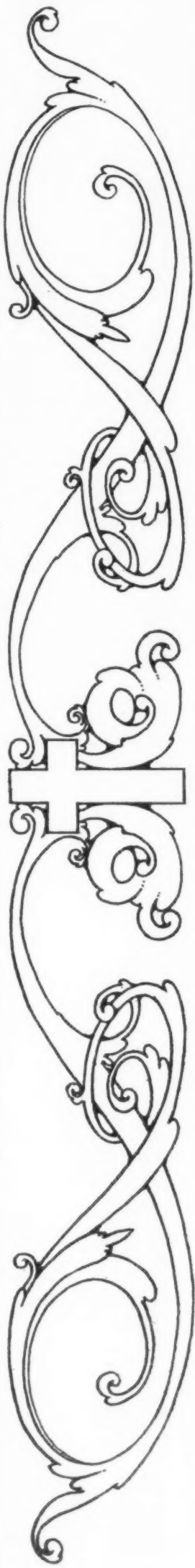
(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)





The Future of the Holy Land Depends Upon This War's Outcome. When Palestine Becomes a Thriving Commercial Centre This Highway Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Sometimes Called the Most Sacred Thoroughfare in the World, Will Become an Important Artery of Trade. This Picture Was Taken from the Top of the Jerusalem Gate Tower.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)

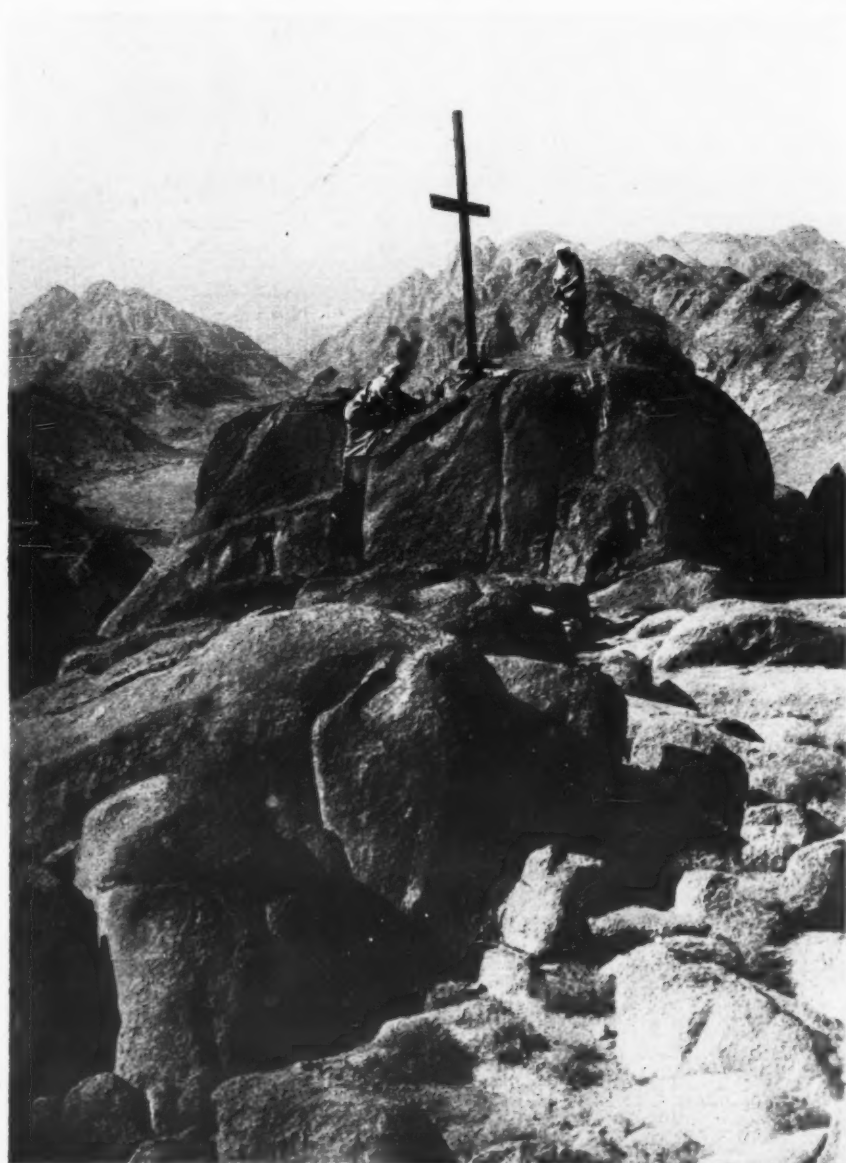


FUTURE OF THE HOLY LAND DEPENDS UPON THIS WAR'S OUTCOME



A PRO-GERMAN DEMONSTRATION BY MOHAMMEDANS IN FRONT OF THE GERMAN PALESTINE BANK AT JAFFA.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



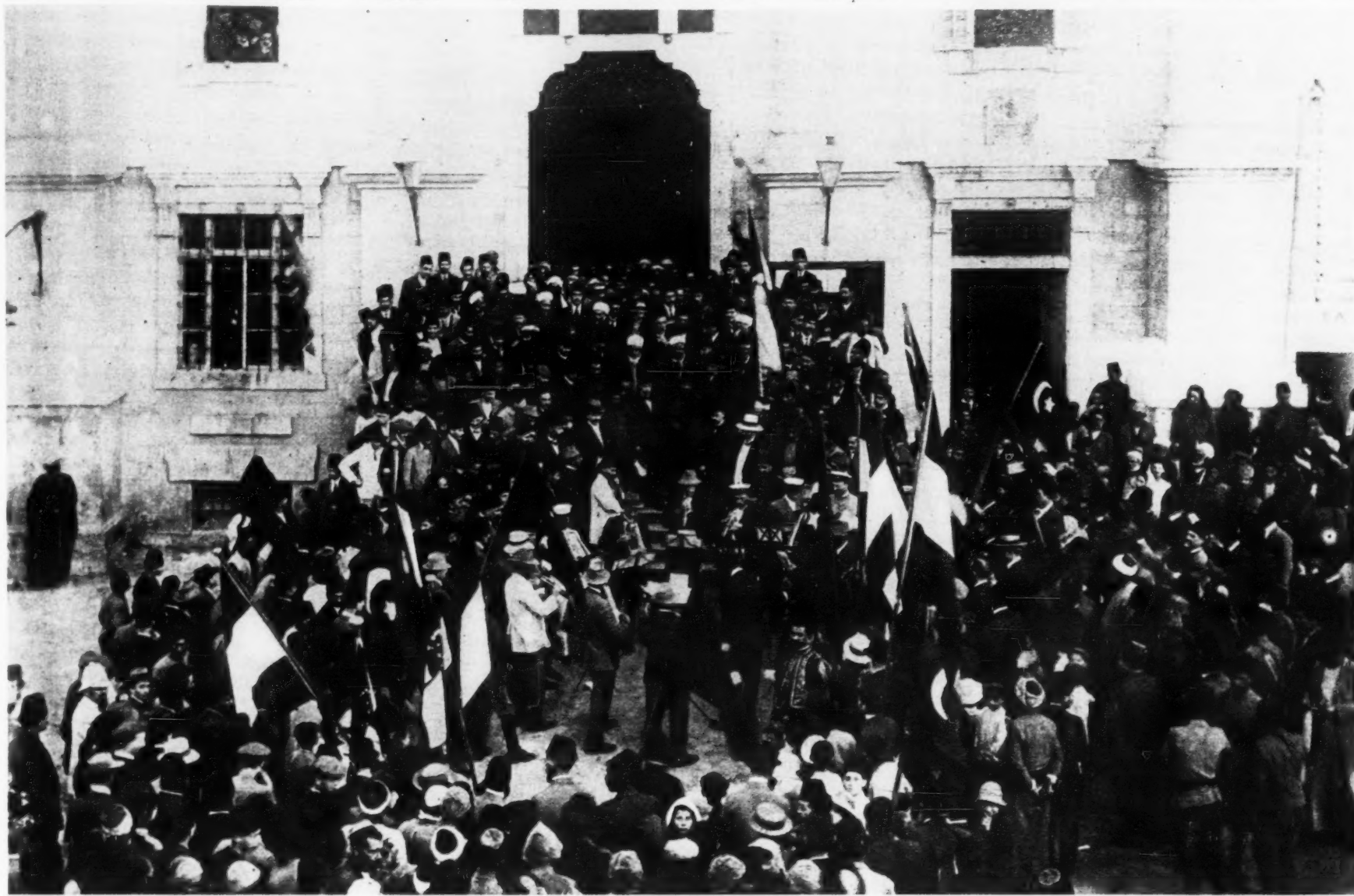
Ras es Safsaf, Commanding the Plain of the Assemblage. The Spot Where Moses Delivered the Ten Commandments.



A Street in the Suburbs of Bagdad, an Important Commercial Centre of Mesopotamia.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)

FUTURE OF THE HOLY LAND DEPENDS UPON THIS WAR'S OUTCOME



CELEBRATING THE MILITARY ALLIANCE BETWEEN GERMANY, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, AND TURKEY AT A PUBLIC SQUARE IN JAFFA.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



A MODERN JEWISH COLONY NEAR JAFFA.

(Photo from Newman Traveltalks.)



WOMEN PILGRIMS AT THE RIVER JORDAN DURING EASTER WEEK.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



A SAMARITAN HIGH PRIEST WITH AN ANCIENT PENTATEUCH ROLL.

BERLIN'S WOOLEN WEEK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SOLDIERS

NEW YORK has just had the charitable enjoyment of a "Bundle Day." Berlin, in whom charitable enjoyment was doubtless more or less mingled with patriotic zeal, has had its "Woolen Week." In normal times Germany exports about \$73,261,250 worth of woolsens a year, but that has nothing to do with the case, especially as last Fall thousands of sheep were slaughtered with the wool on and turned into coats for the soldiers in the trenches. "Woolen Week" refers to quite another matter.

The Quartermaster's Department of the German Army is quite as well organized as every other department of that marvelous institution, but its organizers made a miscalculation. That is all. They had supposed that when January and February came the soldiers would only need such clothing as would serve to keep them warm while sight-seeing in Paris—between the houses where they would be billeted and the neighboring cafes and theatres. They did not imagine a Winter amid the snows and dikes of Flanders. Yet it is

for such a Winter in Flanders that the Quartermaster's Department ultimately had to provide, and even the thousands of sheep pelts cured in the wool have not proved sufficient to protect all the soldiers from the wintry blasts.

Hence the "Woolen Week." In this week the people of Berlin brought to designated places such Winter clothing for the men at the front as they could spare. In particular underclothing was desired, or such garments as could be worn under the uniform. Now comes an interesting point of comparison between New York's "Bundle Day" and Berlin's "Woolen Week." New York has a population of 5,000,000, and nearly 125,000 bundles of cast-off clothing were received for the poor of the city. Berlin, with a population of 3,000,000, took in during "Woolen Week" nearly 275,000 packages of garments. Later these garments were sorted, cleaned, and repaired, when necessary, and sent on to the men in the trenches, and are said to have measurably repaired the lack of forethought of commissariat heads, who had in view only a pleasant Winter in Paris.

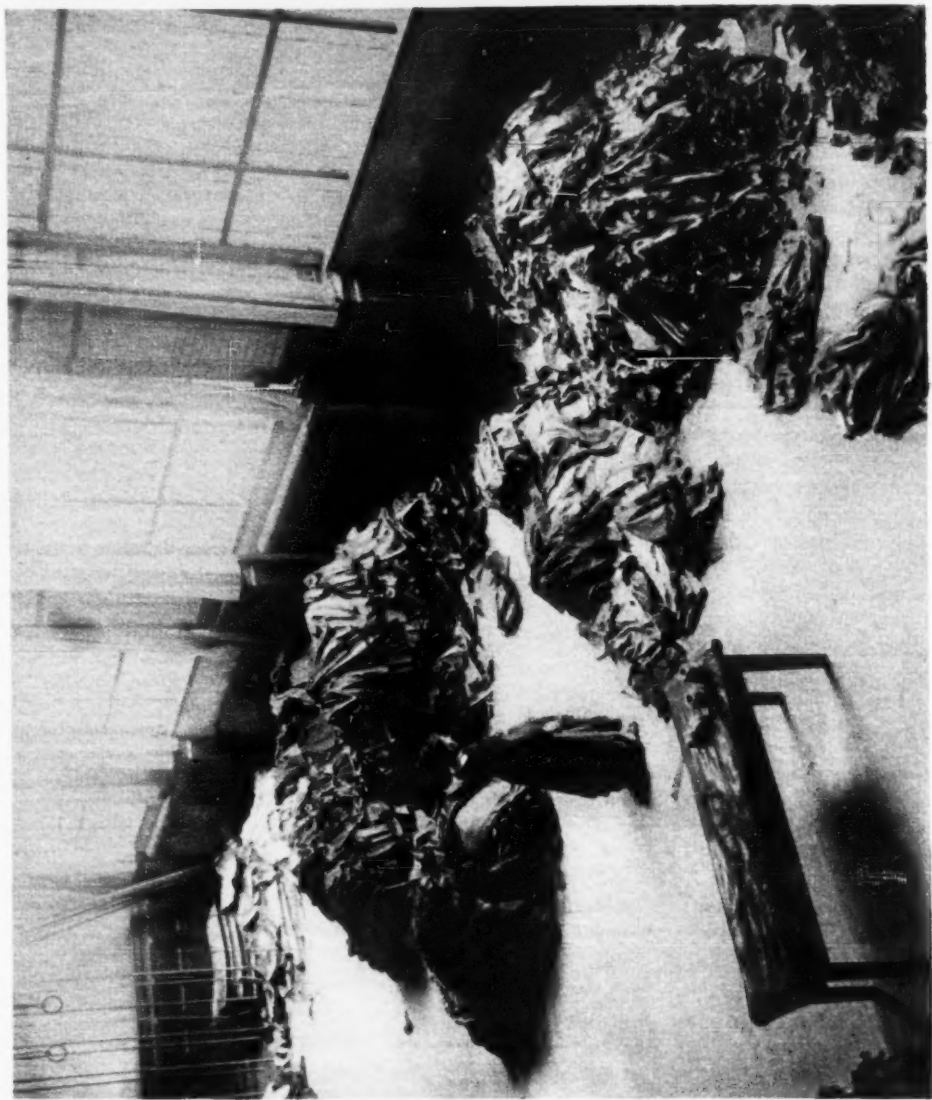


BOY "PATHFINDERS" COLLECTING CONTRIBUTIONS ON JAN. 24.



Unloading the Disinfected Garments at a Distribution Office in Berlin.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



THE WOOLEN GARMENTS ARE SORTED OUT AND DISINFECTED BEFORE BEING SENT TO THE FRONT.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

SOME SURPRISING POTENTIALITIES OF THE NEW RUSSIA



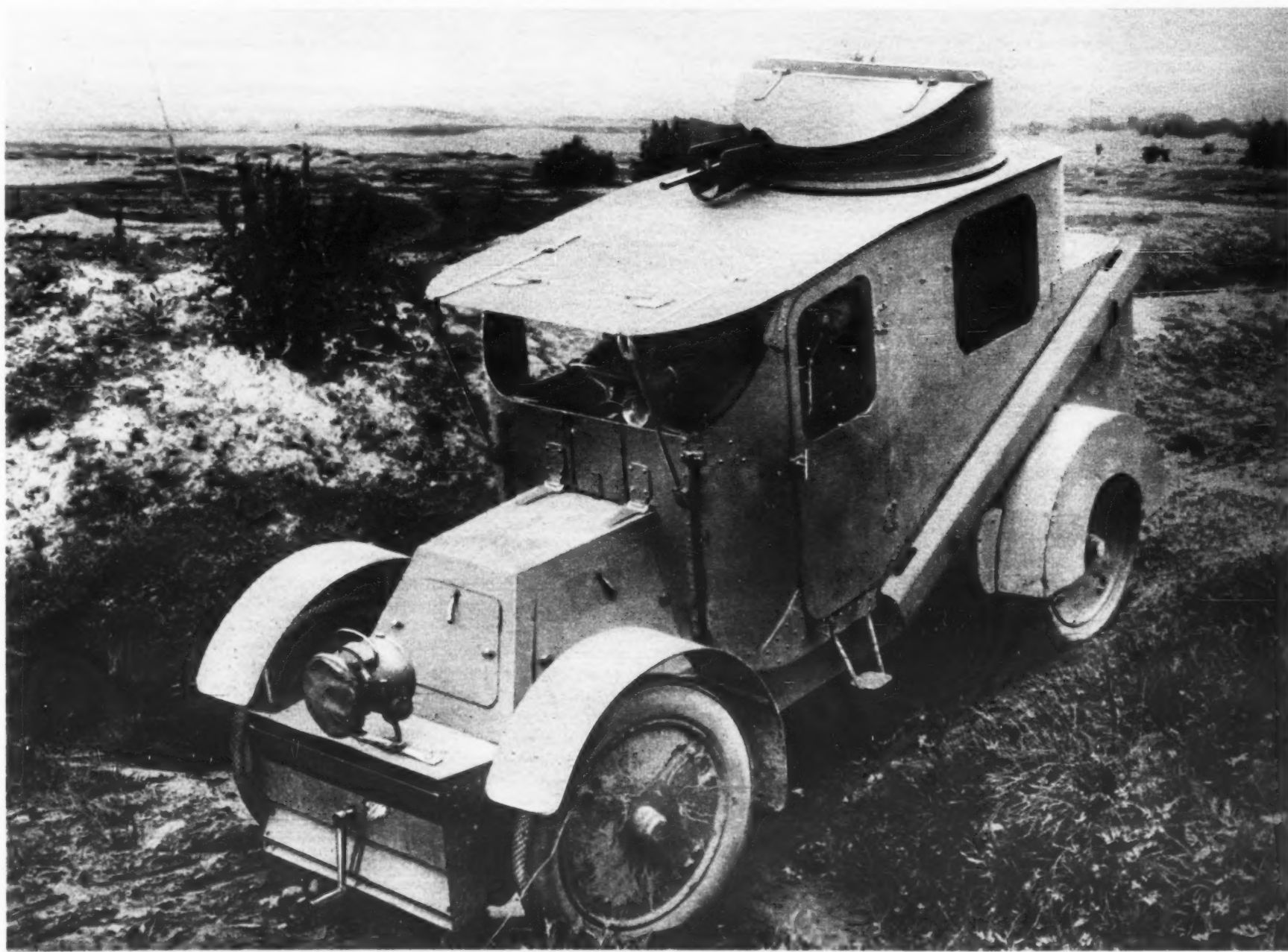
ONE OF THE NEW RUSSIAN SEARCHLIGHTS FOR USE DURING NIGHT ATTACKS.

SYMPATHIZERS of the Allies have recently spoken many hard words about the Russians and their apparent inability to maintain themselves, even when in superior numbers, before repeated German surprise front attacks. Quite recently the disaster that overtook five army corps at Allenstein, in the middle of September, was narrowly avoided near the same East Prussian region in the second week of February.

Why these constant defeats of the Russians? A glance at the map tells the story. The Russian line, nearly 700 miles long, has facing it one of the most formidable and elaborate systems of strategic railways in the world—one particularly built for the service it is now performing. With many convenient branches and innumerable sidings, this line forms a half circle embracing Russian Poland—from Cracow, through Kreuzburg, Ustrowo, Thorn, Allenstein, and Rastenburg, to Insterburg. Thus two fresh German army corps were suddenly detrained at Allenstein on Sept. 16 and five at Lotzen on Feb. 17. In the first instance the force attacked was destroyed or captured. In the second it was frightfully cut to pieces, but managed to retire.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and there are now many weak links in this Russian chain of 700 miles. Still there is plenty of material at hand to make every link as strong as the other, and when that time arrives the Austro-German line may not be reduced at one point in order to attempt to break the chain somewhere hundreds of miles away.

In the meantime, although denied the advantage of rapid manoeuvres by rail, Russia has assembled over 30,000 automobiles particularly adapted for rough traction and rapid transit. Many of these automobiles may be made into armored cars at short notice. The tonneau is covered with steel plates securely bolted together and the roof surmounted by a turret for the play of a machine gun. Another invention which the exigencies of the Russian campaign has produced is an enormous searchlight on wheels or runners and with a motor which can obtain its energy from any convenient waterfall, if connection with an electric plant be not at hand.



A RUSSIAN ARMORED CAR FOR PATROL SERVICE ON THE POLAND FRONT.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

FAMOUS FIGHTERS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S PATCHWORK ARMY



ARCHDUKE EUGENE,
Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army.
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



FRIEDRICH VON GEORGI,
Master of Ordnance.

THE army which Austro-Hungary has brought against the Russians and Servians is a patchwork army, but its patches are neither of the same size nor hue and the threads that bind them are said to be very strong. The very names of the commanders and the origin of their army corps reveal, as nothing else, their heterogeneity.

Their Commander in Chief, the Archduke Eugene, grandnephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has Italian blood from his mother, and French, German, and Slavonic blood from his father. His sister is the mother of the present King of Spain, while one brother, the Archduke Karl Stephan, is one of the few Admirals of the Austrian Navy.

The Commander of the Fifth Corps is a Bohemian named Paul Puhallo de Brlog, and the corps itself was raised in western Hungary. The commander of the Ninth Corps is a German named von Horstein, but the troops he commands are from northeast Bohemia. Another German, Hugo Meixner von Zweienstamm, commands the central Galician corps, the Tenth, which is besieged at Przemyśl. A Dalmatian corps, the Sixteenth, under Wenzel Wurm, a German, is in the mountains of Herzegovina watching the Montenegrins. The former Chief of Staff, a Viennese named Blasius Schemua, now commands the typical Austrian Second Corps in Russian Poland. A Polish corps commander is Desiderius Kolossvary, who is in charge of the Galician cavalry at Przemyśl. And recently the German, Arz von Strasseneberg, who commanded the Sixth Corps, from northeast Hungary, has been replaced by a native Hungarian, Svetazar Boroevic de Bojna.

There can be no doubt in this patchwork army that those patches which are Hungarian are gradually looming large and brilliant from among their dull, threadbare surroundings, and that the strands of attachment are not quite as strong as they used to be and can only be repaired under Hungarian influence. In a speech delivered on New Year's Day at Budapest the Hungarian Premier, Count Tisza, said:

"In the past we were able in most cases to reply only with a negative argument to those who, in view of the friction and weaknesses, greater or smaller, in the other State (Austria) of the monarchy, perpetually resumed their old dreams, and to the efforts to rob the Hungarian nation of its equal position in the State. The negative argument was that those who represented themselves as special friends of the greatness and strength of the empire had repeatedly, by their unhappy centralization policy, brought the monarchy to the verge of ruin, from which it had to be saved by the Hungarian nation. This negative argument has now been aided by a mighty positive argument. Now, we have shown what value this organization of the monarchy possesses, and what is the value of the Hungarian nation, in the possession of more than its mere independence, in this monarchy."



LOTHAR EDLER VON HORSTEIN,
Commander Ninth Corps, Infantry.



PAUL PUHALLO VON BRLOG,
Commander of the Fifth Corps.

FAMOUS FIGHTERS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S PATCHWORK ARMY



BLASIUS SCHEMUA,
Former Chief of General Staff, Com-
mander of the Second Corps, Vienna.



HUGO MEIXNER VON
ZWEIENSTAMM,
Commander of the Tenth Corps, Cavalry.



WENZEL WURM,
Commander of the Sixteenth Corps.



EMIL COLERUS VON GELDERN,
General Infantry Commander.
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



DESIDERIUS KOLOSSVARY DEKOLOSVAR,
Commander of the Eleventh Corps, Cavalry.



SVETEZAR BOROEVIC VON BOJNA,
Commander of the Sixth Corps, Infantry.

IN THE PATH OF MODERN GUNS IN THE ARGONNE



THE CHURCH IN CLERMONT AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE GERMANS.



THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF CLERMONT.



A GENERAL VIEW OF CLERMONT.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

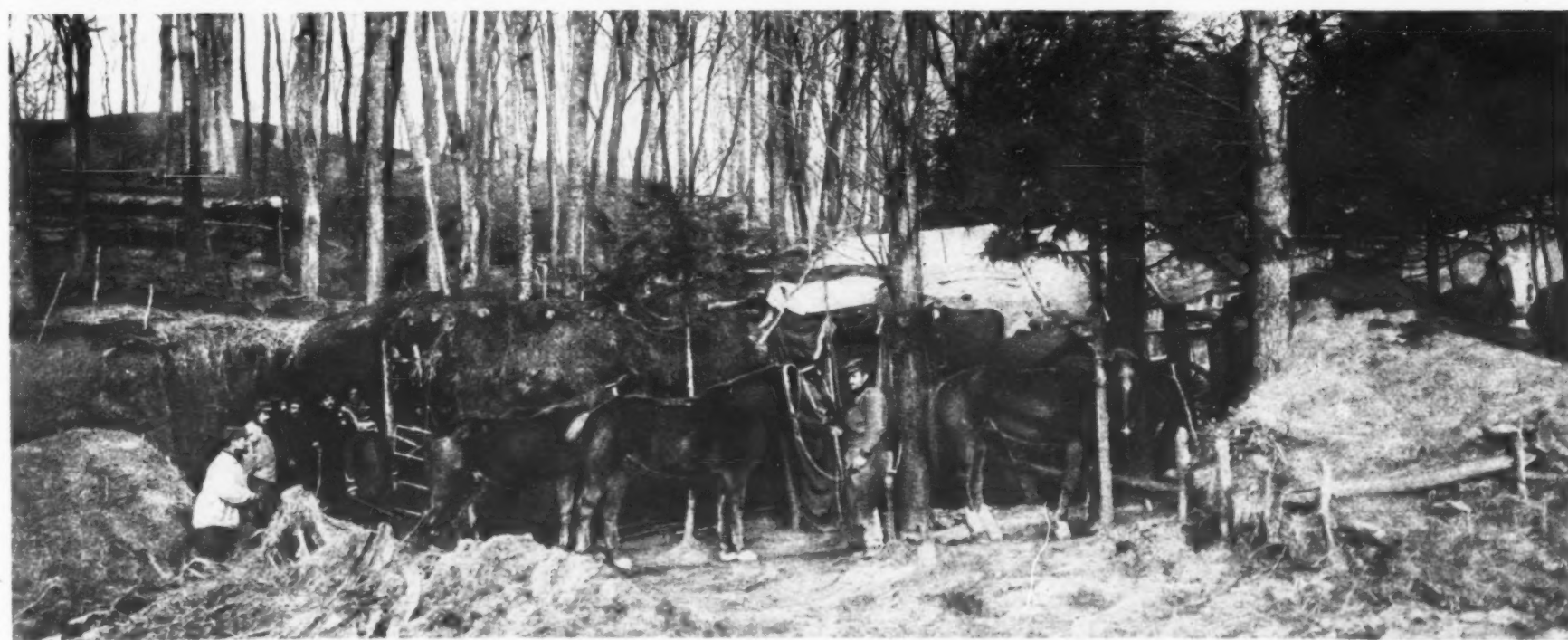
FOREST HUTS OF THE FRENCH IN THE WOEVRE



"VILLA MON PLAISIR," THE HOMELIKE HUT OF A FRENCH OFFICER.
The Glass Windows Are an Unusual Luxury.



AN UNDERGROUND BARBER SHOP WITH PRIMITIVE FITTINGS.



A WELL HIDDEN STABLE IN A HEAVILY WOODED SECTION OF THE WOEVRE.

(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)



A GERMAN ARMED RED CROSS CORPS WITH THEIR TRAINED DOGS AWAITING CALLS FOR AID ON A RUSSIAN BATTLEFIELD.



DEPARTURE OF A FRENCH RED CROSS CORPS WITH A MISCELLANEOUS GROUP OF DOGS FOR THE FRONT.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)



THE KAISERIN AND HER SUITE LEAVING A CHURCH IN BERLIN AFTER A THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

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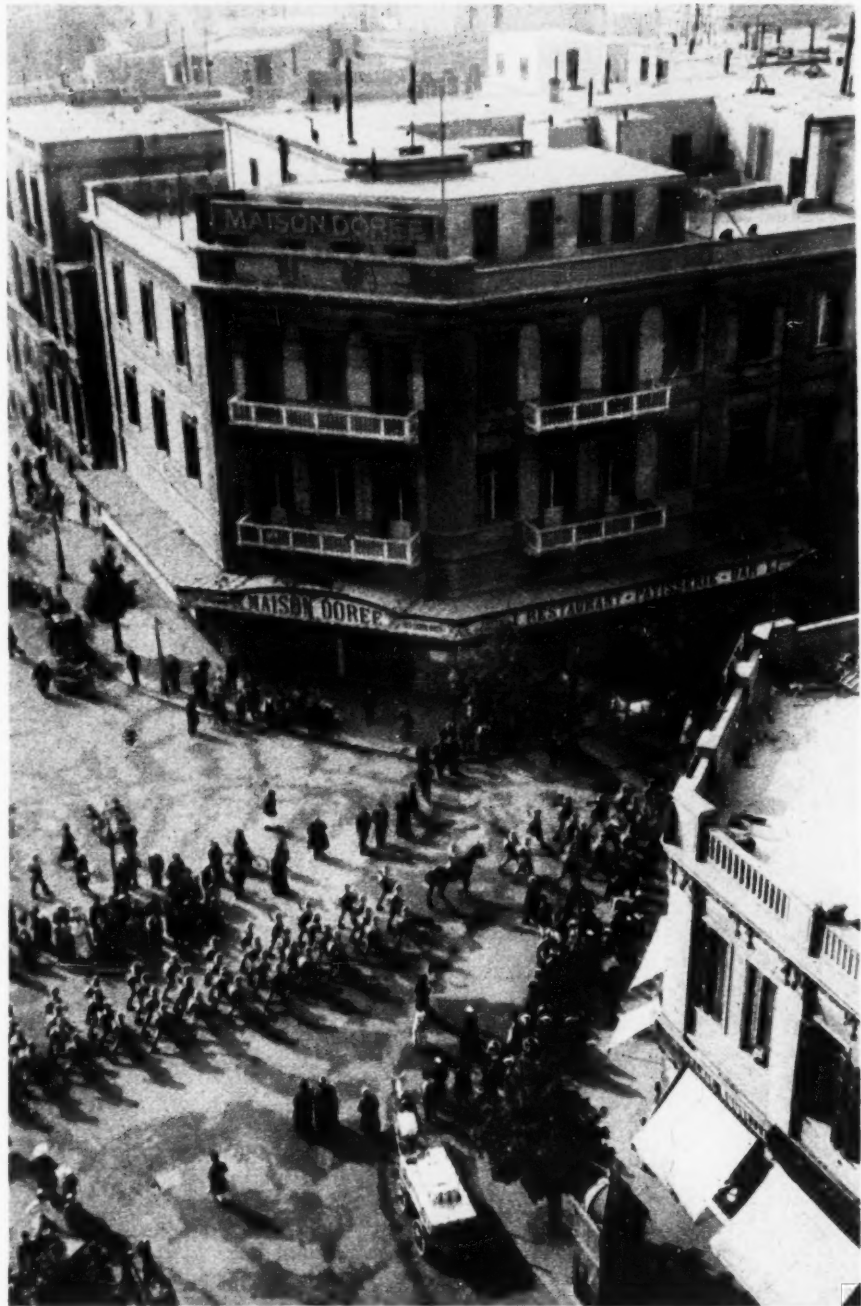
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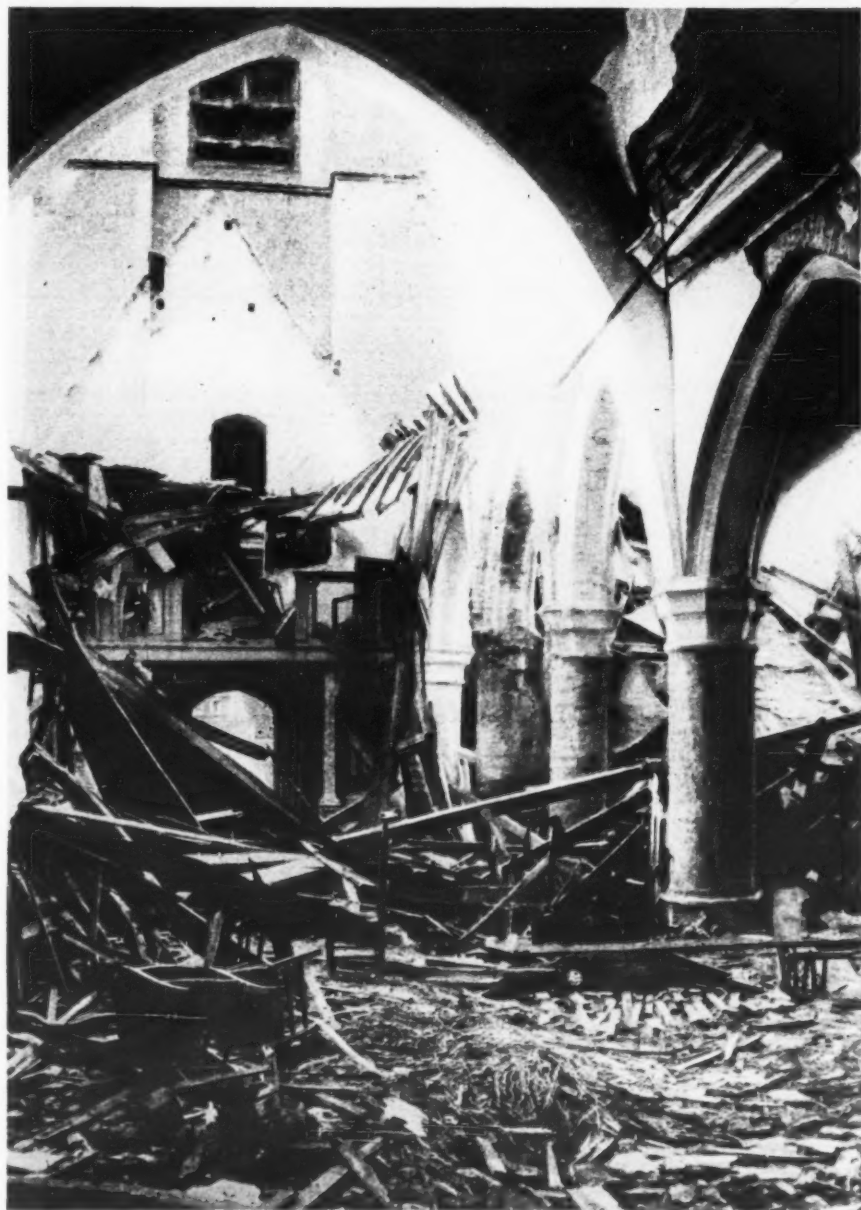
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The British Territorials Marching Through One of the Main Thoroughfares in Cairo.

(Photo © by International News Service.)



The Organ Loft of the Church at Ooskerke in Flanders, After the Bombardment.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



TOMMY ATKINS GETS ACQUAINTED WITH SOME NON-COMBATANTS
AT ETAPLES, NEAR BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)